

# NEW RULES WILL HOLD.

Julian, in the Name of Fitz,  
Withdraws His Objections.

HOLD A LONG POW-WOW.

Siler, Stuart, Julian and Brady  
Discuss the Referee's Variations of Queensberry.

CHANCE FOR A DEADLOCK.

After a Long Debate the Cornishman's  
Agent, in the Interest of a Fair  
and Joyous Joust, Con-  
cedes All Points.

Carson, Nev., March 12.—This was the day of conference between the representatives of Corbett and Fitzsimmons to settle differences of opinion in regard to Referee Siler's interpretation of Queensberry rules. Carson was in an unsettled state, as the feeling existed that the rival factions would create a deadlock, but happily after an hour or so of arguing, Julian, representing Fitzsimmons, gracefully capitulated, and it was given out that whatever instructions Siler gave the men should be lived up to.

There was a big crowd in the correspondents' room at the Western Union telegraph office at 3 o'clock this afternoon when W. A. Brady, Martin Julian and Referee George Siler met in conference. Julian opened the ball. Said he:

"I want to see about one or two things in the statement handed out by Mr. Siler, which don't appear quite right to us. No. 3 rule of Queensberry rules says that there must be no wrestling or hugging, but further along in his statement, while referring to article 12, Siler says he will permit hitting in clinches and with one arm free. In the Sullivan Affair."

"Now, then, Brady, I'd like to know what conditions governed when Corbett fought Sullivan."

Brady murmured something, and Julian continued: "Wasn't it understood that they were to fight fair and square, and not hit in clinches, Brady?"

"Yes, and if the referee had acted upon that rule strictly the fight would have been stopped in the seventh round and the decision given in favor of Corbett."

"After a few further remarks were made Julian said: 'We don't want any wrestling or hugging in this fight. We want a fair, square, stand-up contest, such as Fitzsimmons has always fought, and there will be no hitting in the breakaways. I don't see that there should be much trouble in coming to an agreement.'"

"I don't see why we should have to discuss this thing at all," replied Brady. "A referee has been appointed, and it is for him to interpret the rules."

The Referee Begins Too Early.  
"What has the referee got to do with this?" asked Julian. "He has no right to say anything until we enter the ring."

"The Queensberry rules say that anything not provided for must be governed by the London prize ring rules," returned Brady, "and Mr. Siler has attempted to straighten this matter out for us. Julian here pointed out that Siler had barred the pivot blow, while there was nothing in the Queensberry rules forbidding a blow of that description. After a little discussion on the subject of pivot blows Brady said:

"The whole point is this. This match was made six months ago, a referee was appointed, and both men agreed that they should take care of themselves in the clinches. It is rather late in the day to reopen the matter."

Julian held that Fitzsimmons had not given his complete sanction to such a thing.

Referee Siler then spoke up. "I will tell you what Fitzsimmons said. He said: 'If Corbett wants to hit in the breakaway, anything that is fair for him will be fair for me.'"

To Be Decided in the Ring.  
Brady asked Julian whether it was not possible that Fitzsimmons had learned something that caused him to change his mind. Julian looked upon this as a desire to discuss the merits of the fighters, and he said rather warmly that all that he had said had better be allowed to go over until St. Patrick's Day.

"It is one of two things," said Julian. "We will either fight under Queensberry rules or under the London prize ring rules. Siler has no more right to make out new rules than you have."

"I'm not making new rules," said Siler. "I simply set forth my views on hitting in clinches to provide against a wrangle in the ring. You told me, Martin, in front of Bob Davis, of the Journal, that you were willing this thing should be settled a week before the fight."

There was a long silence and Julian changed the subject for the time being. "This is another thing," he said. "Our gentlemen are ready to accept of Siler's decision, and I think that Corbett had better offer his for inspection."

Said Brady: "We agree to that."

The Gloves to Be Inspected.  
It was then upon decided that both men turn over their gloves to Dan A. Stuart for inspection to-morrow morning, and that the gloves remain in Stuart's possession until the time for the fight.

The rule matter was taken up again, but Referee Siler was a trifle. A Carson asked if the only hitch was in regard to hitting in the break, and Julian replied that that was the way the matter stood.

"It is all in all," said Julian. "When we accepted this match we thought it would be fought the same as all previous fights under Queensberry rules. I think that Fitzsimmons is the greatest fighter that ever lived. I think he knows all the tricks of the game, but he does not do anything about hitting in the clinches."

Siler took issue with Julian on this point, saying that Fitzsimmons had given Hall Haggerty a hard "wallop" while they were clinching.

"Yes," said Brady, "and he saved his midnight triumph in Boston by hugging Haggerty in the clinches."

Siler and Stuart Seized It.  
When matters appeared to be in a confused state of deadlock it was suggested that Dan A. Stuart and George Siler be allowed to settle the matter in dispute. The gentlemen agreed to do this, and after they were out about fifteen minutes Stuart returned and said it appeared for him the only thing to do was to abide by the referee's decision. Julian said that it placed him in a tight place, as the referee was already on record as favoring him in the clinches. Finally, however, Fitz's manager said:

"All right, I will agree to leave the matter to Siler."

There was a shout of approval at this, and cries of "Good boy, Julian! Good boy, Julian!"

"I just want to say this," said Julian: "in all of Fitz's fights he has given in to his opponents in every matter that was in dispute. This is no exception to the rule. He has never once refused to stand, when, when Corbett and Fitzsimmons were in the ring they will be permitted to clinch, with one hand free, and in the breakaway."

W. W. NAUGHTON.

# WHEN THE FIGHTERS WILL DISCONTINUE TRAINING.

Corbett Will Keep Hard at It Until the Night Before the  
Battle in Order That His Wind  
May Not Fail.

By James J. Corbett.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)  
Training Quarters, Shaw's Springs, Carson, Nev., March 12.—The weather in this region has apparently settled for a bright, clear spell that will carry us over the anxious period, and the warm sunshine is having a very gratifying effect on the spirits of every one concerned in the coming battle. There is every indication of a large attendance, and I look for every section of the country to be represented at the ringside by the better class of fight lovers. If my means of information are reliable, the interest taken in the coming contest outrivals that of any previous engagement of which I have any knowledge.

You have asked me when my active work will cease. My exercises on Tuesday will be about the same as they were to-day. On Wednesday morning, before I leave for the arena, I will do a little sprinting to sharpen my wind.

My ideas on the general subject vary somewhat from the accepted rules governing manual training, but my experience urges me to adhere to the plan of preparation which I have invariably followed. Apart from the way I feel when I am ready for battle, and the endurance I have shown—a strong argument in itself—I have a theory. I will illustrate it: If I should suspend active work, say on Sunday or Monday morning, I would be ready to fight for a kingdom. If the battle were to take place on Tuesday my strength and quickness would be equal to the demands, but my wind would be thick, and I would not be able to do as well as I would on Monday. Should the meeting be slated for Wednesday I would be still less equal to it than on either of the previous days. Open up the entire system with spirited work the day before the battle, and the next morning put the finishing touches on the wind.

Fitzsimmons Will Take One Full Day's Rest Before Going  
Into the Ring—He Tells What He Knows  
and His Opinion of Corbett's Trainers.

By Robert Fitzsimmons.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)  
Training Quarters, Cook's Ranch, Carson, Nev., March 12.—I am already beginning to feel the beneficial effects of training here in the morning. The air is sharp and fresh, and is doing great good to my lung power.

In the afternoon I took a ten-mile spin on my wheel along the roads, which are now in pretty good condition, into Carson, where I visited a blacksmith shop and turned a few horseshoes. The tools were not the best I ever saw, but a good workman can get along with almost anything, and I will take at least one day's rest before the battle and be ready for the event with all my energy at its maximum. I am neither overtraining nor undertraining, but am putting it on the right place and taking it off in the right place. There is nothing the matter with me now. There will be nothing wrong with me on the 17th.

I notice among some expert opinions from Jack McVey and Charley White that they claim to know all about me, and that Corbett can do me up easily. McVey was engaged by Martin Julian to spar a week with me in Philadelphia, but at the end of the third night, even though the rounds were half time, he quit the stage and refused to go on with me. The fourth night Martin put Roebert, my wrestler, up against McVey with the gloves, and the German knocked him groggy in the second punch, yet he claims to have sparred with me a full week, and boasted that he knew all about me. I was obliged to handle him with the gentleness of a woman to get him to go on at all. Mr. White, the other authority, was employed by Martin to wash my sweaters and rub me when I was training for my fight with Corbett at Corpus Christi. These are the kind of amateurs and pugilistic kindergarten pupils who think they know.



Martin Julian, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, the champion, the baby and Yarrum, the Great Dane. The drawing was made from a photograph taken expressly for the Journal by Bushnell, of San Francisco.

# FIGHTERS MAKE BETS.

Both Fitzsimmons and Corbett Showing Their Confidence.

Carson, Nev., March 12.—Another fine day, with both men at work in the open air, has braced up the spirits of the sporting crowd wonderfully, and the betting is beginning to pick up a trifle. A Carson man named Vleria has bet \$300 on Corbett to \$400, and several smaller bets have been recorded. Corbett is betting on himself, and Fitzsimmons has a little money to put up, but Julian is naturally seeking as low a price as possible.

I have never been to a fight in which the absolute sincerity of the combatants was as undoubted as it is here, and where there was so strong an element of doubt about the outcome. After seeing the men constantly for weeks, watching them work, talking to them and their trainers and weighing every point as well as possible, I've only been able to get one tip that I consider worth sending out. Fitzsimmons expects to win or lose in short order. Mrs. Fitzsimmons tipped me that he would win in four rounds; Martin Julian has bet more than \$100 that the fight would not last six rounds.

Martin Julian Confident.  
Now Julian may at times be a bit eloquent for effect, but his large, round shoulders are never wavered save when he hopes and believes he can win.

Fitzsimmons took me down to the lake where a lone crane stands this morning to talk about the fight. He was as cool and impersonal as though summing up the chances of another man. He gave me his best opinion. It is good enough to bet on. He said:

"I do want to win this fight awful bad. I feel more confident than ever, and nothing but bad luck can take it away from me. I know how to hit him and where to hit him, but I tell you he surprised me when we met on the road. His color is better

than it used to be, and he looks healthier; he's got to be a great big fellow, and he's clever. He will weigh a round 160 over 180 pounds in the ring. You see if he don't."

"I think he swelled himself up a bit for my benefit, but they can't give me any ghost story about his being 170 pounds."

"Are there any ghost stories about weight at Cook's ranch, Fitz?"

The proposer one laughed and said: "If I go into the ring at middle weight there won't be any doubt about it, for I'll weigh where any one can see me and try to win. Some of these people have got an idea that I expected Corbett could not get into six, or I would not have made the match. He has worked a bit harder than he likes, and don't you forget it."

Why Corbett Worked Hard.  
"The work has done him good all right, but bet your money he would not have worked so hard if he felt in his heart he would have the soft thing he has been talking about."

Corbett worked hard, too, as I don't propose to have any friends say I missed a chance. If there are any soft spots about Corbett I'll find them.

It turned out just as expected about the rules. Julian and Fitz raised a protest, and made Corbett's party think they did not want the changes. Then, after a fine mock battle, Martin yielded peacefully and said: "We gave way, as usual."

Julian is a pretty smart youth, but I don't think Corbett was fooled much. He has practiced hitting in clinches for a long time, and did not let up when the protest came from Cook's ranch. Still the general belief is that Siler's interpretation gives Fitzsimmons the best of the game, as he is, in the opinion of every one, the stronger puncher at close range. Fitzsimmons was in high spirits this afternoon, came in to town on his wheel, made a few purchases in a blacksmith's shop, the first he made in Carson, sending one to the Journal for luck.

Little Money Up in Boston.  
Boston, March 12.—In all, up to the present time about \$9,000 has been bet here on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. The majority has been placed on Corbett, at odds of 10 to 8. Today there was little betting done. The Cornishman's supporters are waiting and the Corbett men decline to give better odds.

Off for the Fight.  
Boston, March 12.—Corbett's timekeeper, "Jimmy" Colville, accompanied by several other sporting men, left Boston en route for Carson City at 10:30 o'clock this morning.

Not more than ten persons will go to Carson from Boston to see the battle.

One Small Chicago Wager.  
Chicago, March 12.—At Powers & O'Brien's to-day Tom Gilbert bet Tim Gleason \$500 to \$350 on Corbett.

# HAD A RUN FOR NAUGHT.

Rumors of a Possible Meeting and Trouble Between the Champions.

Carson, Nev., March 12.—Flight correspondents, both domestic and imported, were astir at an early hour this morning. They were spread out all over the surrounding territory, and it is plain on the face of it that if Corbett and Fitzsimmons have another open air wrangle between now and St. Patrick's Day there will be plenty there to see.

Some joker started the story this morning that Corbett and the Cornishman were both heading for Empire and that a clash between them was imminent. The flurry that this caused among the newspaper boys may be imagined. They cut across country on foot, on horseback, on bicycles and in burlaps, and there was wild excitement among those who were afraid that they wouldn't be in at the death. As a matter of fact, Fitzsimmons was not out in that direction at all. He did most of his pedestrian work on the twelve-mile track at Cook's Grove, and those who went chasing a possible meeting between him and Corbett had nothing but an outing for their pains.

Corbett had several telegrams this morning from friends in the East, commending him on the stand he had taken in refusing to shake hands with Fitzsimmons. He also had a wire from his old stand-by, John Donaldson, in which Donaldson stated that he would arrive from Cleveland on Monday to take in the fight. Corbett's daily mail is reaching larger dimensions, and "Kid" Egan, the private secretary, has to work overtime in order to straighten out the correspondence for the champion's reading. The cottage where Corbett sleeps is littered with all kinds of mascots and luck tokens, horseshoes, shamrocks and rabbits' feet being most in evidence. In the morning mail was something done up in tissue paper. Corbett ripped open the package and found a small slice of dry bread and a toothpick. There was also a letter, which the recipient at first overlooked.

"I wonder what kind of josh this is," said Corbett. "I suppose it is from some funny fellow who wants to impress upon me that I will be eating dry bread after the fight."

The letter caught Jim's eye and he picked it up and read it. He began to smile.

It Was a Raines Sandwich.  
"I see it all now," said Jim. "This is from West street, New York, and it is signed, 'Four Lusty Howlers of Gotham.'"

It said: "We are sorry we have no shamrocks to send you, but you have our good wishes. As a unique token of good luck we forward you a Raines law sandwich."

People who dabble in dreams are putting their lives in communication with Corbett. Every day now a dozen dream letters arrive.

Julian's Decision No Surprise.  
Corbett did not express any great surprise this afternoon when told that Fitzsimmons had agreed to the rules as set down by Referee Siler. "It wasn't worrying me," he said. "I simply wanted him to declare himself first. If Siler had decided that there should be no hitting in the clinches it would have suited me just as well. I think I can take care of myself in a stand-away fight. I suppose that away down in Fitzsimmons's heart he intended to agree to these rules from the moment he saw them. He takes pride in being a terrible puncher. He won most of his fights by getting in a flax at close quarters, so why shouldn't he be suited?"

Corbett did not feel like expressing an opinion as to how long the fight would last. "I know that most people expect it to be over in short order," said he, "and possibly they are right. You see, my two last fights were fast ones. I went at Mitchell because I did not consider him dangerous, and I had to make good time with Sharkey. Just the same, people must not get it into their heads that I make a rushing fight of it with everybody. When I am opposite a dangerous man I proceed very carefully. I am free to confess that I consider this fellow a dangerous man, and as my future depends upon the result of this fight as carefully as I ever fought in my life."

It doesn't follow from that, though, that the fight will be a long one. It may not be a long one, because he may down me in quick time. On the other hand, it may not be a long one, because I may find out early in the game there is a way of getting to him."

W. W. NAUGHTON.

# FITNESS OF THE MEN.

Naughton Discusses the Physical Condition of the Two Champions.

TALES OF OTHER DAYS.

Corbett as He Was When He Met Sullivan and Mitchell and Later Sharkey, the Sailor.

HE SEEMS AT HIS BEST NOW

Fitzsimmons Does Not Appear to Be Keyed Up for a Long Drawn-out Contest, but He Has No Lack of Confidence in Himself.

Carson, Nev., March 12.—In treating of the present condition of Fitzsimmons and Corbett, it might be as well to hark back to other ring encounters in which they figured, for the purpose of showing how they acquitted themselves on former occasions, when apparently trained to the hour. Corbett was doubtless at his best when he faced Sullivan. He was as limber as an eel, and no degree of exertion appeared to tire him. It was a case of a sound mind in a sound body, for he was as cool as a cucumber, and he did not make a single mistake while taking the big fellow's measure. When he met Mitchell he betrayed signs of irritability. This was accounted for by the fact that Mitchell had said insulting things about him. It was remarked by old fight chroniclers that the Sullivan-Corbett fight was a chivalrous struggle, while the Mitchell go was more in the nature of a grudge fight.

In the Corbett-Sharkey four rounds in San Francisco Jim's condition gave out perceptibly. He had no complaint to make prior to entering the ring, but when it was all over he stated that indulgence in late dinners and carelessness in the matter of working too much indoors had affected him when the critical moment arrived. Some people would not have it that way. They said that the excitement told on Corbett, and that he was not the cool-headed, physically perfect Corbett of old. There is no denying that the excitement of the ring is one of the most acute tests of condition. It is something that no fighter can provide for in his training, and when the pinch comes it makes manifest his weak points.

Excuse for His Excitement.  
There is this to be said, however: If it were excitement that weakened Corbett when he had his whirlwind clatter with the heavy and for there was some excuse for it. It was a night of wild excitement. The champion was looked to shatter the mariner's aspirations with a series of rapid rushes and lightning smashes, and from the moment the starting gong tapped even the spectators were tipping.

Now for the things that are training. He has a long and careful stage of training, and all the experts who have come in contact with him predict that he is the Jim Corbett of the Sullivan days. I know that his "wind" and his capacity for work are simply phenomenal, and such astute conditioners of men as Delaney and White tell me that his disposition is sunny and that he is even tempered and logical in everything he says and does. The main question, of course, is how will Corbett hold himself together in the coming contest as on the rip tearing lines of the Sharkey match. Delaney and White contend that Corbett is prepared for any kind of a mill. The fighter himself says the same.

He is at His Best.  
They are all convinced that physically and mentally Jim is at his very best, and if Fitzsimmons beats him, they say it will be freely conceded that Fitzsimmons could have done the trick at any stage in Corbett's career. Personally, I am satisfied that so far as lungs and muscles are concerned, Corbett is in marvellous trim. I can only guess at the manner in which he will acquit himself if the light is of the hurricane order. I am inclined to think that he will keep his wits about him and prove himself to be a great general. He may try to shorten the fight, but it will only be when he feels that he has sized his opponent up completely.

We were arguing as to the effect excitement has on a man in the ring one day at Cook's grove. Said Fitzsimmons:

"I never get excited. I think that a fighter who becomes excited should get out of the business. If it can be traced to some physical defect, it goes to show that he has been too long at the game, and should retire."

Fitz Speaks Well of His Own Nerves.  
"A pugilist in possession of all his faculties has no more right to get excited than has an actor who is appearing before the people every night of his life. Why, when you see Sharkey at a bench fell down somewhere with a terrific crash. I could see out of the corners of my eyes that people were turning their heads to look but I did not turn my glance for a second. I just gazed straight at my man, and I think that is sufficient proof that my mind is always on making a good and careful fight and nothing when he feels that he has sized his opponent up completely."

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